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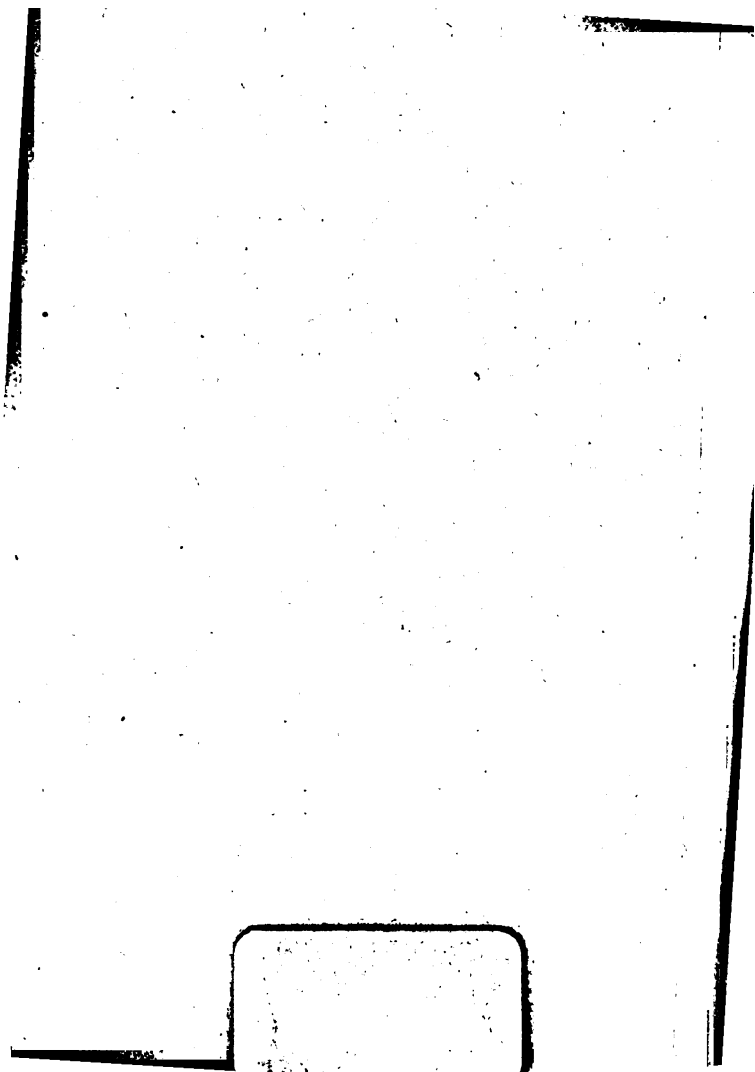
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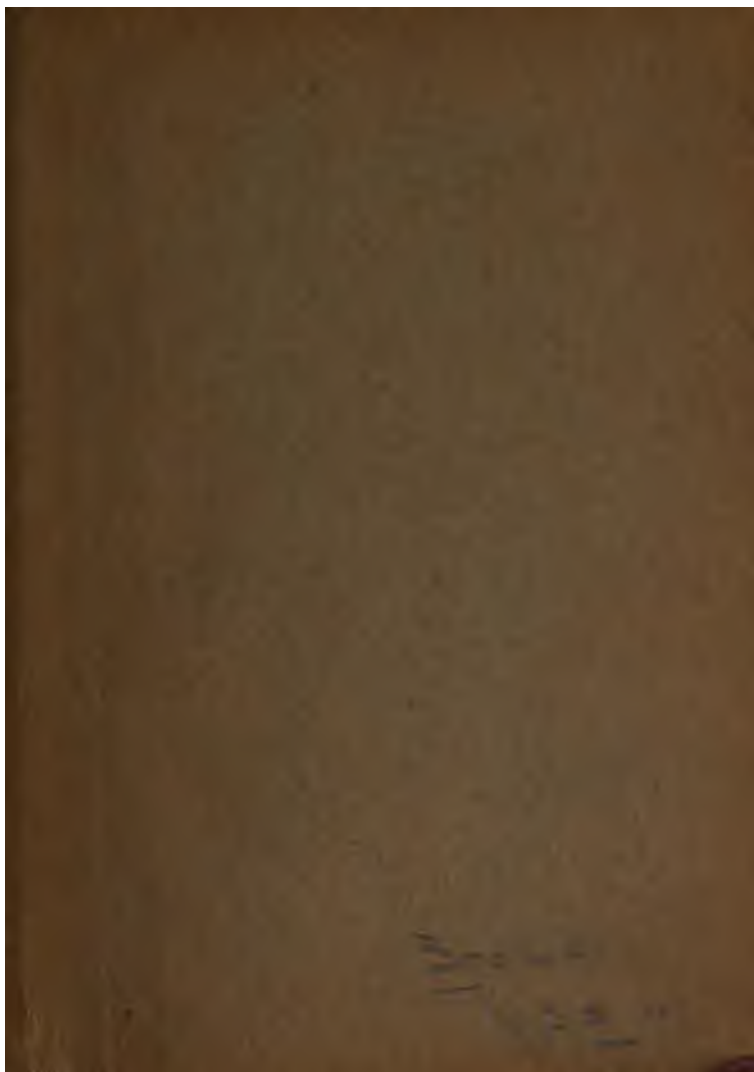
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Winton P. D.
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JOYFUL MEMORIES



COLLECTED BY
EVERETT THORNTON BROWN

George Washington

Joyful Memories

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JOYFUL MEMORIES

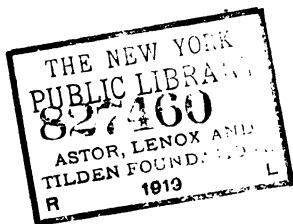


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EVERETT THORNTON BROWN



Published by
THE ACMEGRAPH COMPANY
CHICAGO

F, E



NEW YORK
JUL 21
1919

JOYFUL MEMORIES

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—A. Lord Tennyson.

“YOU never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.”

JOYFUL MEMORIES

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The freinds I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height.
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

DAFFODILS

I WONDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

SONNET

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing we like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With that I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
—*Shakespeare.*



OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



A WHITE ROSE

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is the purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wondering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!

JOYFUL MEMORIES

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build me more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting- sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

—George Pope Morris.



MAN is his own star, and the soul that car
Render an honest and perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Fletcher.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

HOME, SWEET HOME

HID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

Ah exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the caress of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of Home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

—John Howard Payne.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

SO live, that when thy summons come to
Join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
Take
His chamber in the silent of halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
Soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
Couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
Dreams.

From "Thanatopsis."

—William Cullen Bryant.



AMERICA

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*



WOMAN'S WILL.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN, dying make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors . . . another home than this.
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Fill'd by dead eyes, too tender to know change?
That's hardest! If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief tries more . . . as all things prove!
For grief indeed is love, and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love—
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

—E. B. Browning.



ONWARD

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth is creation
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!

JOYFUL MEMORIES

God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

—Arthur Cleveland Coxe.



ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a top,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!
Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose—
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

—*J. R. Lowell.*



OUR DEAD

SOMETIMES I think that those we've lost,
Safe lying on the Eternal Breast,
Can hear no sounds from earth that mar
The perfect sweetness of their rest;
But when one thought of holy love
Is stirr'd in hearts they love below,
Though some fine waves of ambient air,
They feel, they see it, and they know.

As rays unseen—abysmal light—
Are caught by films of silver salt
When these are set to watch by night
The wheelings of the starry vault—
So may the souls that live and dwell
In one great soul, the Fount of all,
Feel faintest tremblings in the sphere
On which such footsteps gently fall.
No evil seen, no murmurs heard,
No fear of sin, or coming loss,
They wait in light, imperfect yet,
The final triumphs of the Cross.

—*Duke of Argyll.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-
seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men happy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*



NEARER HOME

NONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads us at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think.

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

—*Phoebe Cary.*



SONNET

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be my guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

IT'S RAINING VIOLETS

IT is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any bucanneering bee
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.



SOME weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill;
But all the treasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

—Sir Edward Dyer.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE WISH

THIS only grant me, that my means may lay
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have
Not for great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than the ill known;
Rumour can open the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

* * * * *

—*Abraham Cowley.*



AN ODE

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

—*Joseph Addison.*



THE POPLAR FIELD

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Short-lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

—*W. Cowper.*



THE BUCKET

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,

For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
And poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

—*Samuel Woodworth.*



ODE

WE ARE the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story

JOYFUL MEMORIES

He fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

—A. O'Shaughnessy.



THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that rove over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself, lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

—*W. Cowper.*



GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To wars and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore—
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

—*Richard Lovelace*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

GIVE me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

—*Anonymous.*



SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—A. H. Clough.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is open,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

—Longfellow.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

KEEPING A HEART.

IF one should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key,
The giver might live at ease or sleep;
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
The heart watched over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
No heathen should look therein;
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
I only should know, and to enter there
I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid
Where precious jewels are ranged,
A memory each; as you raise the lid,
You think you love again as you did
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,
As I touched with the golden key,
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say
That another had stolen one thought away
And it did not open to me.

But ah, I should know that heart so well,
As a heart so loving and true,
As a heart that held with a golden spell,
That so long as I changed not I could foretell

JOYFUL MEMORIES

That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,
To dwell in a life apart,
My good should be done, my gift be given,
In hope of the recompense there; yea, even
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,
From within we should close the door
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay
In that heart shut up from the world away,
Never to open it more.

—A. O'Shaughnessy.



A SIGN

IT was nothing but a rose I gave her,—
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill,—
Ah, the flying torch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

—H. P. Spofford.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

—E. B. Browning.



TO A WATERFOWL

WITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! The abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath thou sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight.
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

D LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?

—R. C. Archbishop Trench.



T HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* * * * *

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

* * * * *

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

* * * * *

—Thomas Gray.

From "Elegy written in a country churchyard."

JOYFUL MEMORIES

A FAREWELL

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lown and lea,
A rivulet, then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A. Lord Tennyson.



SUCCESS

'TIS the coward who stops at misfortune;
'Tis the knave who changes each day;
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

There's little in life but labor,
And tomorrow may prove but a dream,—

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought in the home stretch—
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire.
—John Trotwood Moore.



SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—Lord Byron.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like a melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

—*R. Burns.*



IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

—*E. B. Browning.*



A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeing,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time!

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate!
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Longfellow.



CONCERN yourself but with To-day;
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man,
But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to Yesterday and to-morrow.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE USE

IT is hard to shout when things go wrong,
And the world seems a heartless place;
It is hard, indeed, to whistle a song,
Or go with a smiling face;
It is hard, I know, to endure, ah, me!
When we feel the javelin;
But if all things went right, there would be
No victory to win.

And so I think, 'twere better to take
The bitter, as well as the sweet,
And bravely bear, though the heart must ache,
And sore must be the feet;
For, were life all felicity,
With never a cross for men,
Oh, where would be the victory,
Or need of Heaven, then?

—George Newell Lovejoy (*Success*).



ALL FOR LOVE

TALK not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

—Lord Byron.



BETTER HAVE YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN

JUST keep the heart a-beatin' warm.

Be kind to every feller;

Look for the rainbows in the storm,

But—carry yer umbreller!

Be brave to battle with the strife,

Be true when people doubt you;

Don't think that money's all in life,

But—carry some about you!

An' when it's time to shuffle off

An' you have done yer mission,

Just put yer trust in Providence—

An' call a good physician!

—Atlanta Constitution.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea,
Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me;
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me
If so to-morrow saves?

—C. G. Rossetti



THE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can you bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorne wi' me.

—*R. Burns.*



SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight,—
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide,—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d'ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

He never turned the poor from the gate,—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

—George Colman the Younger.



ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning chide—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: But, Patience, to present

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—Milton.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

YOUTH AND AGE

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades
so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happi-
ness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life those tears would flow to me!

—Lord Byron.



"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON"

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon?
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours;
And are up-gather now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE SILENCE OF LOVE.

OH, inexpressible as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee, when we meet,
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine;
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

—G. E. Woodberry.



THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet

JOYFUL MEMORIES

The restless pulse of care,
And comes like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*



INDECISION

THE road of indecision leads
To nowhere in particular—
Across the swamps where Sorrow breeds,
Through wild morasses, deep and far,
With not a guide-post, nor a light,
From right to left, from left to right.

The steepest place, the longest way,
The hardest way of all to climb
Is not difficult, they say,
If it emerge somewhere, sometime.
Come, comrade; let's be rid of doubt,
And take the road we're sure about!

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

—*P. J. Bailey.*



TO humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

—*W. Wordsworth.*



SUCCESS

SUCCESS! It is won by a patient endeavor,
Energy's fire, and the flame glow of Will;
By grasping the chance with a "Now," "Now or never!"
Urging on, on! while the laggard stands still.

Success! It is facing life's trials, undaunted;
Fighting the present—forgetting the past;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

By trusting to Fate, though for years she has taunted,
And bearing Time's scars, facing front, to the last!

Success! Would you win it and wear its bright token?
Smile and step out to the drummer's light lilt;
Fight on till the last inch of sword-blade is broken;
Then do not say die. Fight on with the hilt.

—*Mary Markwell.*



THE star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast;
Serene and resolute and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



THE MARRIED STATE.

MEDLOCK, indeed, hath oft compared
been

To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
Contention betwixt a Wife, etc.

—*Sir J. Davies.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

CLEON AND I

CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;

Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;

Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesses acres, but the landscape I;

Half the charms to me it yieldeth money can not buy,

Cleon harbors sloth and dullness, freshening vigor I;

He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;

Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;

Death may come, he'll find me ready, happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature, in a daisy I;

Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;

Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;

State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

—Charles Mackay.



CONCERN yourself but with To-day;

Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began

To-day has been the friend of man,

But in his blindness and his sorrow

He looks to Yesterday and To-morrow.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

PROMISE

APPLÉ orchards, the trees all covered with blossoms;
Wheat fields carpeted far and near in vital emerald
green;
The eternal, exhaustless freshness of each early morning;
The yellow, golden, transparent haze of the warm afternoon
sun;
The aspiring lilac bushes with profuse purple and white
flowers.

—Walt Whitman.



IT is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road
The strong arms of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live—
GOD MAKE ME WORTHY OF MY FRIENDS.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.



SYMPATHY

DEARNETH thy heart for a sweet friend dead,
Sigheth thy heart for a dear day fled?
I pity thee, my friend.

Hast known regret for a word unspoken,
When a loving heart did await some token?

JOYFUL MEMORIES

My friend, God comfort thee.

Hast spoken ungently to one now gone,
Hast lain on her grave and grieved alone?
I know God heard thy prayer.

Hast been harshly judged, misunderstood,
By one to whom thou wished but good?
God understood thy heart.

Has the friend of thy heart and soul false proved,
The friend of all the world best loved?
Christ pities thee, poor one.

—Kate Vannah.



MY "friend" you signed yourself, but did you think
Of all that such a friendship means to me—
To me, who needs a true and faithful friend
More than the weary river needs the sea;
More than the faint roses need the fresh'ning rain,
More than the daybreak needs the sun again?

Say, did you pause and strive to comprehend
Each thought that lingers in the words "your friend?"
Are you prepared to suffer any pain,
By which your sacrifice may prove my gain?
Would you believe in me, should Slander's sword
Be the strong 'weapon 'gainst my simple word?

JOYFUL MEMORIES

Are you prepared to stand by me through ill,
And in misfortune be my true friend still?

Or, are you but a friend while fair days shine,
While happiness, and love, and youth are mine?
Nay, I must plead, if even such you be,
"I greatly need your friendship—give it me."

—Anonymous.



IS THERE a cross word that tries to be said?
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it.
Just speak *two* pleasant words quick, in its stead,
And that will make you forget it.



WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut tree
In infancy we played;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of Hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now has fled thy lips,
And sullen gloom thy brow;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitters tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years—
The voices which were silent then—
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?

—*Caroline Elisabeth Sarah Norton.*



PASS UNDER THE ROD

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,

JOYFUL MEMORIES

And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung in the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey;
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

I saw a fond father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear, gifted son;
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;

JOYFUL MEMORIES

And the starlight of love glimmered bright at his end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er his grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderer care;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod!"

—Mrs. M. S. B. Danu



AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

JOYFUL MEMORIES

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side,
Culling the lemons pale:
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'T is for her lover all:
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale:
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

—*From the Portuguese of Gil Vicente.*

—*Translation of John Bowring.*



LARGE was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)—a friend.

—*Thomas Gray.*

JOYFUL MEMORIES

FOR A' THAT

A PRINCE can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.



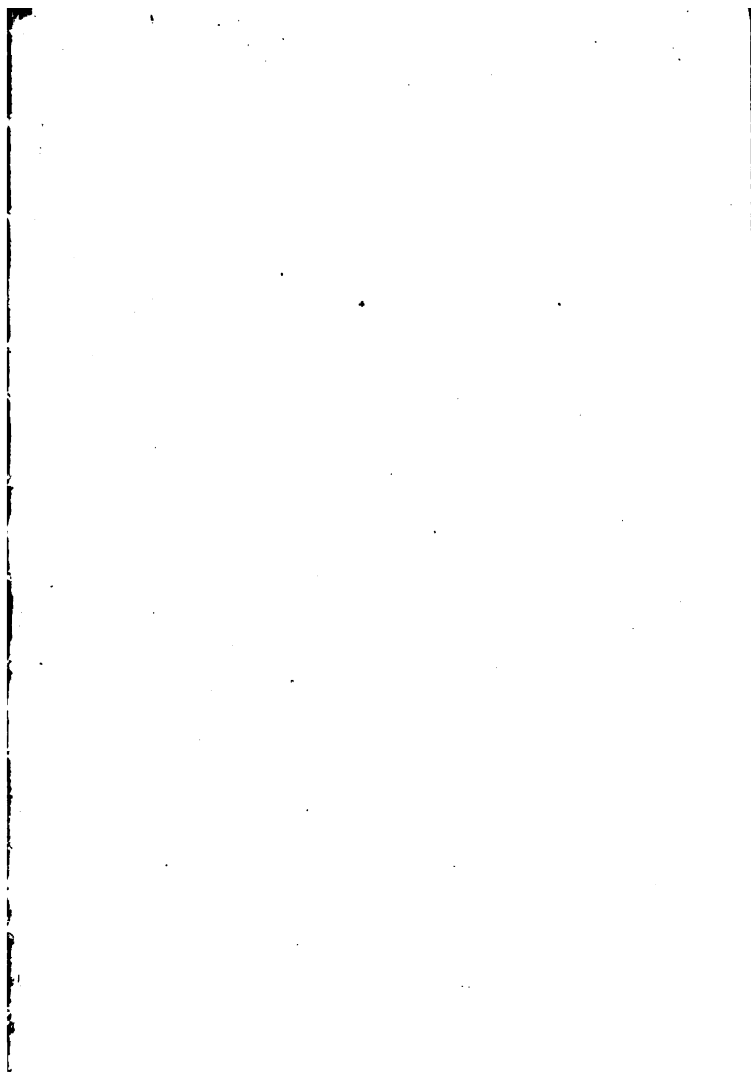
THE face of a friend, how it shines in the darkness
That often assails us; how preciouslly near
It seems, when the trial of long, long denial
Has made the sweetest blessings unspeakably dear!
The heart is consoled, and is lonely no longer,
Its terrors and tremors are all at an end,
And the way that was dreary becomes bright and cheery,
Illumined at once bÿ the face of a friend.

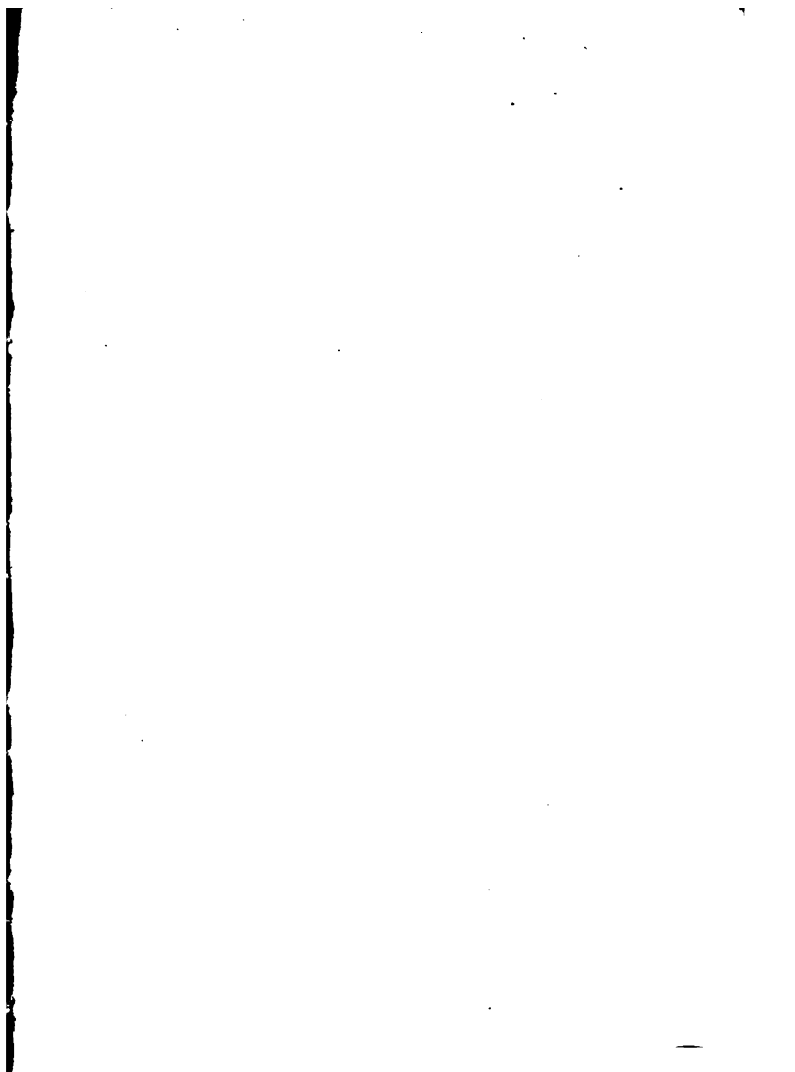
—Anonymous.

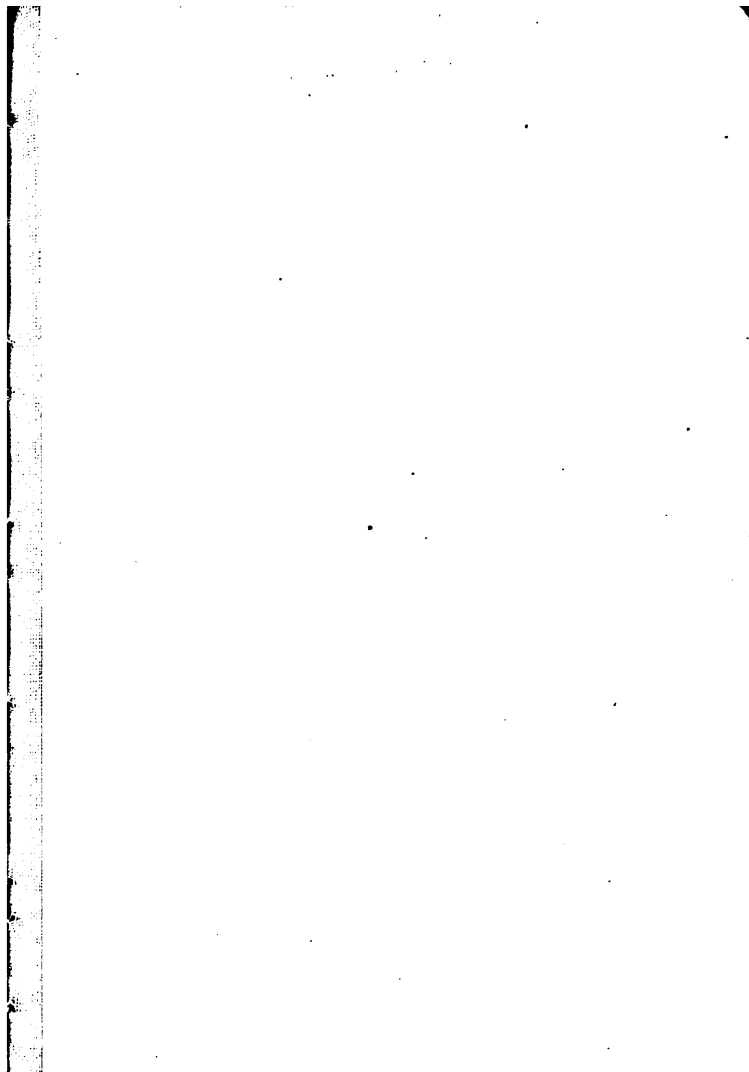
JOYFUL MEMORIES

WANING SPIRIT.

IT IS sad
To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shriveling,
feet
Losing their spring, and limbs their lily round-
ness:
But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay with us,
As 't were our life's eleventh month.
—"*Festus*."







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